

# Truro Hash House Harriers.



HAS I MASTER - Bob 'Nobby' Warner, 6 The Meadow, Bosvigo Lane, Truro 71876

HASH MISTRESS & ON SEC - Jenni 'Bhindi' Ryan, 14 St George's Rd, Truro 260448

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RUN NO: 238

ROYAL OAK - PERRANWELL

SUNDAY 20th APRIL, 1993

I said to daddy "don't feel like going on the Hash today", but as usual he didn't listen, and look what's happened now, I've got to write this news letter and all because of him!

Anyway, I suppose at least it was a sunny day and lots of runners turned up. The Hares were Side Kicks daddy and Percy Filth. We got going up the hill path and daddy starts whining about his knee! (If it was me, I would get told it was nothing and to get on with it). Still, that's grown ups for you, always whining about something.

I'm afraid I've forgotten most of the run now, but we did come out on the main Falmouth road to a hash halt, where everyone kept telling me to mind the cars. Grown ups! Anyway, on on up the hill to Ponsanooth, we all ran straight past the caravan site and had to turn back. (What a waste of time). Back in past the caravans and into the holiday home estate. The path then went through the woods (bluebells everywhere, they were nice), and then on to the main road again. A quick dash over the road (minding the cars), and into more woods and then fields.

By this time, daddy was walking a lot, (to save my legs?) although managing to talk to Whinger all the while. We came to a big gate and Whinger was busy telling the crowd how his dog had knocked daddy (Belisha) over, when they were setting a hash six weeks ago; and how his leg was still strapped up, when suddenly Whinger fell off the gate. (Serve him right for talking instead of running). There were some ladies who said they would kiss it better, but daddy wouldn't tell me what his wedding tackle was, so I suppose it got better by itself.

Off we went again and I thought we were on our way to the Pandora, but no, take a left and on on and down to the next Hash halt at the Norway Inn. (Daddy was really going on about his knee now!) We crossed the road again (minding the cars) and went up the back of the Norway Inn to the top of the hill. The lane brought us back down to the pub in Ponsanooth and at last, a coke!

Hombre Solair was sprayed and completely covered in some foam from a fire extinguisher for his 40th. That was brilliant!

The down downs. went to Wots 'is Face for his 46th birthday and O.S. (now On See) for being stupid enough to take it on; The Hash Pratt tee shirt went to Vindaloo and All Cock had the willy warmer, but I can't remember why. That Hash Pratt tee shirt looks

horrible. I hope I never have to wear it, I don't think it's ever washed. I think daddy said you're not meant to wash it, so that it stinks. (I wonder what would happen if you did?)

Anyway, it turned out to be a great run after all, and Puddle Duck supplied the sandwiches for everyone. (I needed those).

Finally, diary: Sunday 9th May - Smugglers Dean, nr. Cubert.  
Monday 17th - Fitzsimmons, Helston  
Sunday 23rd - Perranporth

On On

Bones (age 8)